

THE BEACON

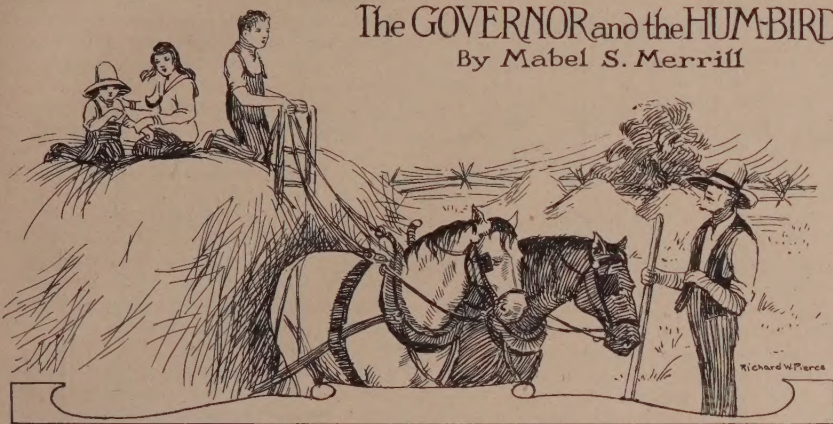
FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME X. No. 3

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

OCTOBER 19, 1919

The GOVERNOR and the HUM-BIRD By Mabel S. Merrill



Chapter One.

GRANDFATHER KENWAY rested his pitchfork on the ground and looked up at the three youngsters who were peering down at him from the top of a load of hay.

"Here's the first load," he said. "Take a look at what's left in the field, Dex, and say when you think we'll haul in the last one at the rate we're going."

Dex, or Dexter, a tall boy of thirteen, rose to his knees at the top of the load while Elva clutched at six-year-old Spiff who was trying to turn a handspring on the hay. Slowly three pairs of eyes traveled up the thirty-acre field of good grass and clover just ready to cut. What they had cut already looked about as big as the first bite a mouse would take out of a whole cheese.

"If we stick to our job," muttered the boy, "the last load will go into the barn about the first of November. But we shall have to go back to school in the fall, and, anyhow, hay cut in November might taste kind of musty to the cows."

Dex looked a little sheepish over it, for it was he who had written to Grandfather proposing to come down to the farm and "do the haying." It was little the city boy knew what doing the haying meant. Grandfather had laughed over the letter, but he was anxious now as he looked up the big field. That grass and clover represented a good sum of money which he could ill afford to lose.

"Farm help is as scarce as hen's teeth, even if I had the cash to pay for it," he mused. "If I could find somebody that would buy the grass standing and agree to cut and haul it away it would be a big relief." He looked up at the three faces as he added: "John Silver sent word for me to fetch him over a load of hay. I've been thinking I might as well take this one right along and maybe he can help

me find somebody to buy the field as it stands."

The three haymakers on the load pricked up their ears at this. They knew that Mr. Silver lived at the capital city six miles away. They had never been there in their lives, for their own home was in another city, a busy town of shops and mills sixty miles up country. Mother Kenway had never had any money to spare for pleasure trips to the state capital.

Elva caught her breath as she thought of it. "Will you take us, Gramp, just as we are? There isn't time to go home and change our clothes, and besides, we look well enough to ride on a load of hay."

"So you do," assented Gramp, "and we ought to start right off if we want to see the big parade. You can see it from the loft of John Silver's stable just as well as anywhere."

They were ready to start in two minutes. The big field was a mile from the house and they had brought a great basket of luncheon to save a trip home at noon. It was only half-past nine, for they had got to work early. The dew had dried fast and this load of hay had been well made the day before. Gramp handed up the big basket, tossed his pitchfork to the top of the load, and climbed up himself. The three youngsters sitting in the hay laughed gleefully as they went jogging out of the corner of the field upon the county road. They had expected to work hard all day in that hot corner and here they were on their way to the state capital for a glimpse of the big parade. It was the hundredth birthday of the pretty little city to which they were going. Everything would be a whirl of flags, and music and merrymaking, just like the Fourth of July.

It was a slow journey, but there was plenty along the road to amuse city visit-

ors who had not had many glimpses of the country in their lives.

"I wish your mother could see it once more," said Gramp, with a sigh. "Many's the time she's jogged along this road with me when she was no bigger than Elva. But she seems to think she can't afford to leave off working in that store long enough to make us a visit."

Elva and Dex made no answer to this—it was a sore subject; but Spiff rose up, with his hair full of hay, and glared.

"When I'm big enough," he announced, "I'm going to knock that old store right down flat and jump on it."

"When we're all big enough," amended Dex, "we're going to earn the money and let mother have the vacations."

It was twenty minutes of eleven when the load of hay came jogging into the pretty little city where the flags were flying. John Silver lived in a side street that was a short cut between two larger ones. Gramp knew that the parade which would leave City Hall at eleven must come straight past the house of his old friend.

It was a small house and the lower part of it was a grocery. At one end of the lot was the stable, and the door stood open into an empty hayloft. When they had driven up in front of the stable the top of the load was just level with the bottom of that door. Gramp left them there on the load while he went into the store to find Mr. Silver.

"Let's coax him not to unload it till after the parade has gone by," said Elva. "It's just clear of the street and it makes a splendid place to see. 'Tisn't everybody that can have such cushioned seats as these to watch a procession."

"Will you let us come too?" asked a voice from the inside of the dark loft. "We can see here better than we can inside and we like company."

The speaker did not wait an instant for an answer. As the words came flying out of her mouth she came flying out of the loft like a swallow and alighted on the load close to Elva.

"I'm Cherry Silver," she announced. "Isn't that a comical name when you come to think it over? And here's Paul; he's my brother. We live here with our grandfather and aunt."

Paul was a boy a year or so older than Dex. He did not fly out of the stable like a swallow; he stepped out slowly and doubled up his long legs in the hay beside Dex.

"Reg'lar grandstand seats—top row, too," he said. "We're in luck, Cherry. Bet the Governor'll want to come up and sit with us."

"The Governor?" Spiff got up on his knees to gaze along the street. "Say, I never got my eye on a governor."

"Well, you will in a minute; this whole

show is his doing," declared Paul. "I can hear the band now. They're coming along State Street."

The little street where the Silvers lived ran at right angles to State Street. When the procession reached the corner it turned and came down past the stable. The mounted police rode ahead, then came some bands playing a lively march. Next a big automobile came rolling along bringing several men, some of them in uniform. In the midst sat a tall man who smiled and bowed as the crowds cheered him from the sidewalk. When he came opposite the loaded haywagon with the boys on top saluting and the girls fluttering their handkerchiefs he did more than smile. He waved his hat and laughed outright as Spiff bounced up and down in the hay, shouting, "Hooray—hello, Mr. Governor!"

"Hello, young fellow," cried the Governor. "Say, you've got the best place of all up there."

"What'd I tell you?" demanded Paul, as the automobile rolled on. "Of course he'd rather sit on a load of hay and have some fun than ride around and be stared at."

They agreed that it was the biggest and finest parade they had ever seen and that it was twice as pleasant having "grandstand seats." When it was over, Grandfather Kenway and Mr. Silver came out of the store and said they were going to look up a man who might buy the grass in the thirty-acre field. Mr. Silver told Cherry and Paul to make their guests as comfortable as they could, for Aunt Mary couldn't come home this noon. Aunt Mary, it seemed, was a dressmaker and had been sent for in haste to come and fix a dress which was to be worn at the Governor's evening reception.

"Come into the kitchen," said Cherry to her friends, "and we'll see what we can find to eat. I guess Aunt Mary didn't have time to cook much, rushing off like that."

Sure enough, the cupboard was bare, but Paul ran down the back stairs to the grocery and came up with his hands full of tins and paper packages.

"Picked-up dinners are the rule in this house," he said. "Pressure of business, you see. Here's two big cans of baked beans, Cherry, and some crackers and things."

The big basket the Kenways had brought was packed full of Grandma's cooking, and with the beans and "crackers and things" they had quite a feast on the big kitchen table.

"Now I'll tell you what," said Cherry, when they had finished; "I don't see any reason at all why we shouldn't go to the Governor's afternoon reception at the State House. Everybody does. It's from two to five."

"Do they wear overalls and jumper?" asked Dex, pointing to himself. "Elva's put her foot through her dress, tumbling around on that load of hay. And look at my shoes!" He displayed his feet encased in shoes that had once been black but were now a kind of rust color.

"A good shine will fix that," said Paul, "and there's my last year's blue suit that's too small for me. I'll bet you could wear it."

"I'll lend you my pink gingham," said Cherry to Elva. "Auntie made it so pretty, it looks well enough for any kind

of party. The Governor will admire it. I've got a white dress, so I'm all right."

Elva's eyes had begun to sparkle like stars, but suddenly she pointed at Spiff in his suit of patches, with an old hat of Grandpa's coming clear down to his shoulders, so that he looked like a toad under an umbrella.

"We can't go," she wailed; "just look at that child!"

(To be continued.)

Incurable Habits.

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS.

THOSE little yellow puff-balls
That cheeped around in Spring,
Are roosters now that strut and crow
As big as anything.

Those little downy goslings
That paddled in the brook,
Are ganders now that hiss and scream,
With necks that bend and crook.

Those little baby swallows
We loved and watched each day,
Have left their nest up in the barn
And flown far, far away.

What is the use of trying
To raise a single thing,
When they grow up so dreadful fast
From babies in the Spring!

Dick Lester's "Girl."*

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

SAM and Dick and Mary Lester had the nicest mother in the world—at least they thought so. (And for the matter of that, who should know better?) They wouldn't have changed her, of course, for anybody's else mother for anything. But she certainly did make up the queerest punishments that ever were!

For one thing, there were the fines,—fines if you were late to meals or if you got spots on the tablecloth, or left your hats and coats lying about, or all sorts of other things that all boys and girls are likely to do. But that wasn't the queerest. Other people's mothers had fines too. The queerest thing was what you did with them! When the fines in the fine-box amounted to a dollar the last person who paid had to take out the dollar and buy a gift for the person that he—or she—disliked most! Did you ever hear anything to equal that? Wasting a perfectly good dollar on the person you disliked most!

Once it had been Mary's algebra teacher—Mary certainly was poor in algebra! And once it had been the fellow that wrecked Sam's new bicycle. But this time Dick thought was the worst of all. For it was he who had put in the last fine—for forgetting to sweep the front walk. And there was no doubt at all in honest little Dick's mind. The person that he disliked most of anybody in the world (just then) was old Mrs. Paxton down at the end of the street.

* All rights reserved by author.

For one thing she had come out twice and driven him and Tom Carter out of her garden—when they were only looking for a ball that had come over the fence. They wouldn't have hurt her old garden for anything! And she wouldn't let the boys put chalk-marks on her sidewalk when they were playing hare-and-hounds. (When she lived on a corner, too, so that it was almost necessary to mark her walk!) In fact she was disagreeable about all sorts of boy-things.

Dick never teased or whined very much, as some boys and girls do,—he was too manly a little fellow not to "take his medicine," as his older brother Sam put it; but this time he just couldn't help himself.

"O mother!" he protested, "O mother! Old Mrs. Paxton! A whole dollar! When I'm saving up so hard to buy a dog! Can't I use just half of it—and put the rest in the dog-fund?"

But mother shook her head. "Do you think it would be fair to take Mary's fine-money for a dog, when Mary doesn't like them at all?" she asked. "And did Sam beg off when it was his turn? And I'm sure that it was harder for him!"

"Oh, no, it wasn't, mother," argued Dick. "Nothing could be harder than to waste all that money on old Mrs. Paxton. But of course I won't be a quitter; and since she's a lady, I suppose I'll have to send her flowers. Shall I?"

"Yes," smiled Mrs. Lester. "There are plenty of garden flowers now that will make quite a good showing for a dollar. Choose some pretty ones while you are about it, son."

For some reason best known to himself Dick chose purple asters, and when he came home from school that afternoon there they were nodding and waving in Mrs. Paxton's front window.

"Supposing she should ever find out I sent 'em!" thought Dick, in a sudden panic, and then decided that there wasn't any danger, for the florist's boy was in his grade at school and he had promised the strictest secrecy.

The florist's boy, however, thought that if he didn't tell Mrs. Paxton, that was enough. It was too good a joke to keep from the other boys.

"Hear you've got a girl!" yelled Billy Phelps, when Dick appeared at school the next morning. "Say, fellers, have you seen Dick's new girl? Sending her flowers and everything!" And in no time of course the whole playground had taken it up.

If it had been anybody but Billy, Dick might have explained, but Billy had run Mrs. Paxton a close second for Dick's fine gift, and Dick wouldn't explain anything to him! Let them think he wanted to send flowers to that cross old lady if they wanted to!

"Oh, I don't know!" he retorted, with his hands in his pockets and his head very high. "What's the matter with her? She's got an awful nice dog!"

She had. In fact, that was another thing that the boys had against her. They were just aching to play with her dog, a beautiful brown cocker-spaniel with the most appealing eyes, and she never would let them. Always, before they had half started a game of romps with him it was: "Here Dandy! Here

Dandy!" and back poor Dandy would have to run to the house.

For some reason or other, Billy didn't like it at all because Dick refused to be teased. And for the next few days Dick heard very little outside of school hours but jokes about his "girl." The boys pretended that he sent her flowers every day, that he went to call every afternoon, that he wrote her letters—oh, there wasn't anything in the line of teasing that Billy and the rest of the boys didn't think of. Poor Dick got so that he hated the very sight of old Mrs. Paxton's house.

Before the joke died a natural death—as all jokes will in time—along came Hallowe'en.

"We're going to your girl's to-night, Dick," sang out Billy as he left the school-grounds that afternoon. "You'd better watch out if you want to see some fun! We'll show you what's the matter with her if you don't know."

Dick stood aghast. He didn't like Mrs. Paxton a bit better than he had before, but it did seem too bad that she should have to be bothered because he disliked her so much that he'd sent her some flowers.

So promptly after supper down went Dick and camped on Mrs. Paxton's steps. On second thought he went a little higher and sat down on her door-mat. Probably Billy and his gang would want to run off with that. Well, let them try it. They'd have to run off with Dick too if they did, that was all!

Then all at once, several things happened. Billy and his crowd rushed around the corner and up the steps, and in a minute there was the grandest kind of a rough-and-tumble over and around the cocoa-mat that Dick was trying to protect.

"You shan't have it!" cried Dick.

"Yes, we will!" yelled Billy. "You let go!"

And at that very minute the door flew open and out came Mrs. Paxton with a broom in her hands, and Dandy at his heels, barking just as loudly as he could.

It didn't take very long to clear those steps, I assure you, for Mrs. Paxton knew how to use a broom as well as the old woman that went up in the basket.

Dick ran with the rest—feeling just as guilty as anybody, if the truth were known; and in less than five minutes he was seated panting on his own doorsteps—trying to catch his breath before he went inside. Mother didn't like Hallowe'en pranks very well, and she might misunderstand if he went in right away.

Suddenly, out in the dusk he saw a dark little form; and there, panting too, but frisking merrily just the same, came Dandy the cocker-spaniel and sitting down beside Dick began to lick his hand.

Just for the moment Dick was awfully pleased, and then he began to realize what an awkward fix this was. He would have to carry the dog back, of course; and then what would Mrs. Paxton say to him! Of course she'd know he must have been one of those boys on her steps—and of course she wouldn't know—Well, anyway he had to take the dog right away! It was already nearly time for him to be in the house, and if he weren't there'd be another fine. Besides, if you had a hard job to do you had better get it over.

So he leaned over and gathered up in his arms the soft little brown bundle that was Dandy, and started away down the street.

At Mrs. Paxton's gate he was dreadfully tempted just to ring the bell and put Dandy down and run, but just then he heard the noise of the boys up the street. They might come again, and Dandy might follow them this time, and then who knew what would happen? Putting all his courage together he marched again up the steps and rang the bell.

The door opened swiftly and there stood Mrs. Paxton and her broom once more.

"Here is your"—began Dick, but Mrs. Paxton cut him short.

"Bring him right in," she commanded, and in marched Dick, feeling very much as if he were Daniel, with the lions giving him a personal invitation into their den.

"You can put him down now," said Mrs. Paxton, crisply. "And who— Oh, yes, the little Lester boy up the street? Was it you sitting there on my door-mat? Humph? Oh, I see a good deal more than people give me credit for. Dandy seems to like you pretty well. Now I need a boy to do some odd jobs—wash Dandy, and do errands, and a few things like that. Think you'd like the job? I'd pay seventy-five cents a week."

Seventy-five cents a week! Dick fairly jumped off his feet in his excitement. Would he like seventy-five cents a week?

"You bet—that is—er—I just would!" he cried. "I'm trying to earn money enough to buy a dog myself. Do you want him to have a bath to-night?"

Mrs. Paxton smiled. "Well, no, I guess he can wait till to-morrow. Besides, you'll have to ask your mother. You might take home some pop-corn and molasses candy too. I always like to have some Hallowe'en fixings myself."

Dick was even more breathless than before when he ran up his own steps five minutes later, but this time he didn't care at all as he rushed into the living-room, trying to tell all his remarkable adventures in one gasp, and to pass around candy, apples, and pop-corn at the same time.

"Who would ever have dreamed what a nice old lady she was?" he exclaimed as the last of the pop-corn disappeared. "I guess the fellows won't laugh any more about my 'girl'!"

They didn't. Seventy-five cents a week is seventy-five cents a week, and neither the boy who is earning that sum nor the wealthy old lady who can afford to pay it is to be sneezed at. Nobody but Billy Phelps even thought of keeping up the joke, especially as it soon became evident that Mrs. Paxton's cake and pie were as good as her pop-corn and candy.

"Well I guess you'll own up now that she's your girl all right," sneered Billy one day, as he met Dick coming down Mrs. Paxton's walk with two drop-cakes in his hands and Dandy at his heels.

"Well, what if she is?" retorted Dick, good-humoredly. "Who's got a better one? Here, take one of these cakes and quit your fussing. You bet my girl's the best cook ever."

There was a grim chuckle behind Mrs. Paxton's closed blinds as the two boys walked away, but never a word did she

say until three days later, which happened to be Dick's birthday. Then, just as he was leaving, she called him back.

"Better take Dandy home with you to stay," she said, with twinkling eyes. "A boy that's old enough to have a girl ought to have a dog of his own. I'd rather have a cat, anyhow. And there'll be plenty for you to do with the walks and things this winter."

"O mother," cried Dick, running into his own house a little later, "Mrs. Paxton's given me Dandy to keep! And she's heard about their calling her my girl and she isn't mad."

"Mother, can I take my dog-money—well, anyway a lot of it—and buy her a real bouquet this time—one that I really mean? O mother, I do hope she'll never hear about the other."

"I don't believe she ever will, son," comforted Mrs. Lester; "that is, the part that you're ashamed of. You see, the florist told her that I sent the others; and when she came to thank me I explained that it was really you, but that you had a very private reason and I knew you'd rather not be thanked."

"Well, I just guess I wouldn't!" agreed Dick. "But say, mother, isn't it funny how much nicer old ladies are than girls?"

Mother laughed. "It's not half so funny," said she, "as it would be if it were true. But Mrs. Paxton and I don't mind if you think so a little while longer."



My Fairies.

BY BARBARA HOLLIS.

I KNOW the nicest fairies;

They come at night to me
And take me up and fly away—
And oh, the things I see!

The roofs of houses! And the trees!
The brooks and flowers too!
Of course I'm back in bed again
Before the night is through.

So Mother thinks I've been asleep,
But, really, she is wrong,
'Cause lots of times I'm flying 'round
With fairies all night long.



THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

814 WEST AGARITA STREET,
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

My dear Miss Buck,—I have been going to the Unitarian Sunday school and have the dearest teacher. Her name is Miss Fox, and isn't it funny?—she is also my kindergarten teacher.

I am four years old, and although I am too small to read *The Beacon* by myself, I enjoy the little stories as mother reads or tells them to me, so I am sending this letter, hoping to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Fondly yours,

DORIS BART.

1935 SANTA BARBARA STREET,
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eight years old and live in Sunny California. I used to live in Boston with my grandma Bellows. I hope you know her. I want to be helpful and have my light shine. So please may I have a Beacon Club button?

With love from

KATHARINE ROBINSON.

The Oldest Sunday School in the World.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT is believed to be the oldest Sunday school in the world is the one in Christ Church, Savannah, Ga. It was founded by John Wesley in 1736, more than forty years earlier than the one started by Robert Raikes in Gloucester, England, in 1780, although it is to Raikes and to England that we trace the beginning of the modern Sunday-school movement.

That beginning in Savannah was not much like our schools, to be sure. But it was a beginning. John Wesley assumed charge of the church in 1736 and started a Sunday school in which the children of the church might be taught lessons in religion. Every Sunday afternoon Wesley himself met the children of the congregation. He heard them recite the catechism which they were learning. He asked them to tell him what they had heard from the pulpit at the morning service. Then he gave them further instruction in the Bible, "endeavoring," says the old record, "to fix the truth in their understandings as well as in their memories."

So Wesley was trying to do, after all, just what teachers and superintendent and minister are trying to do in our church schools. You have, I hope, many things to add interest to your work—note-books, texts to color, maps to make, pictures to help you understand. The important thing is, after all, not merely to get the Bible stories and sentences and other stories and great sayings in religion into our heads, but into our lives.

Perhaps it will help if we remember those children who were trying to do the same thing nearly two hundred years ago in the first Sunday school in the world.

17 SEA AVENUE,
GREAT HILL,
QUINCY, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Parish Church in Quincy. The tombs of two Presidents of the United States are in the lower part, and both of their wives. I am one of the girls that sang in the choir the night that you spoke.

I am sending some "Twisted Birds" for *The Beacon*, and hope you will like them.

I have a little sister that attends the Sunday school. We enjoy *The Beacon* and are glad when it comes for us to read.

Very truly yours,

EVELYN M. HANSON.

BUENA VISTA, VA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am fifteen years of age. I am a member of the United Brethren Church. We have no Sunday school nearer than five miles. That is our nearest church. I love to go to Sunday school when I can.

I have five brothers and one sister. I live in the mountains in Amherst County. But our nearest post-office is Buena Vista, Va.

Yours sincerely,

CARRIE F. PHILLIPS.

"Let Your Light Shine."

BY MARY GOW WALSWORTH.

THERE was a little candle,
Who did not want to shine.
She said, "No one will notice
Such a tiny light as mine."

But a little boy of seven,
Gently showed her her mistake
As he lit her in the circle
Of his big white birthday cake.

Now if our lights are shining
(As, of course, we know they should),
It means that we are trying
To be happy and be good.

And the mighty God, our Father,
Who loves each child and man,
Will keep our candles burning,
If we do the best we can.

Good Work by a Small School.

THE Editor is much pleased with the excellent record made by our school in Hobart, Ind., in the matter of relief for Armenia and Syria. In the five months from February to June that school contributed ten dollars a month—fifty dollars in all—to that good work.

Have we any other school of the same size—fifty pupils—that can match this record? Perhaps some of you would like to try. Special contributions for the children of Bible lands will be taken in February. These will be larger if prepared for by monthly offerings set aside for the purpose. That work, and contributions for Ruby Singh and our Unitarian churches in Khasi Hills, India, offer a fine chance for genuine helpfulness and training in world-fellowship. What will your school do?

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA V.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 10, 11, 12, 2, 6, 12, 18, 19, was the birthplace of Jesus.

My 4, 12, 22, 14, 12, 15, 23, 7, Jesus often called himself.

My 14, 3, 11, 13, 23, was one of the apostles.

My 19, 20, 23, 21, was another apostle.

My 19, 16, 9, 11, 12, 8, was a friend of Jesus.

My 5, 12, 10, 17, 12, 22, 19, was the place where Jesus talked with the woman of Samaria.

My 24, 8, 2, 11, Jesus likened his disciples to.

My whole is a part of one of the Beatitudes.

The Dayspring

ENIGMA VI.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 17, 18, 4, is a girl's nickname.

My 12, 2, 6, 11, 13, 2, is a bird.

My 14, 15, is a preposition.

My 19, 2, 3, 5, 17, 8, is a city destroyed by the Germans.

My 20, 8, is an auxiliary verb.

My 1, 2, 10, 17, 22, 13, is a boy's name.

My 9, 16, 12, is an animal.

My 21, 16, 6, is something that runs by electricity.

My 1, 16, 7, 7, is the opposite of short.

My whole is the best organization a girl can belong to.

ISABEL HOWE.
EDITH CLOYES.

ACROSTIC.

1. A fruit common in this climate.
 2. A fruit of the South.
 3. A fruit which grows on vines.
 4. A fruit of Southern Europe.
 5. A kind of peach.
 6. A fruit resembling a plum.
- The initials give the name of the goddess of fruits.

RIDDLE.

You'll find me in the valleys;
You'll find me in the hills;
I'm part of all the violets
And all the daffodils;
I'm in the rolling river;
I'm in the little brook;
I'm here and there upon this page,
If you will only look.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 1.

ENIGMA I.—I have a rendezvous with death.

ENIGMA II.—Walnut.

CHARADE.—Nightingale.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMONDS.—

I.	T	II.	P
GEM	WAR		
TEXAS	PARIS		
MAR	RIP		
S	S		

TWISTED CITIES.—1. Boston. 2. New York. 3. Augusta. 4. Chicago. 5. Trenton. 6. Providence. 7. Dover. 8. Richmond.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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